

The Sea Caves of Ireland- Emma's Untold Story

by Irishdanceringrulz1776

Category: H2O: Just Add Water

Language: English

Characters: Elliot G., Emma G.

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2013-02-15 23:34:21

Updated: 2015-02-09 17:17:29

Packaged: 2016-04-26 14:32:53

Rating: T

Chapters: 9

Words: 17,137

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: Emma goes to Ireland and finds out many things about being a mermaid that she had never known before. Rated T just in case (This is my first fan fiction, and I want to be careful).

1. Chapter 1

"Em, c'mon! You have to come down to the beach with me! Mum said I couldn't go alone, but I wanna go!" Elliot whined. "While we're here in Ireland, on the coast, not next year... Please, Emma! Please please please!?"

"Fine, I'll go... But we will not stay down there long, understood?"

"Yeah, yeah, yeah... Whatever, Em! I'll be good!"

As Elliot and Emma walked down to the beach- more rocks than sand, of course- it began to rain. Emma pulled her jacket more tightly around herself, keeping her head bent, and her hands in her pockets. In doing this, Emma actually managed to stay dry... Until they got to the beach, where Elliot slipped on the slick rocks and fell. Emma tried to grab his hand, not even thinking about the rain getting her wet, and missed. She then realized it was raining, and ran away from Elliot, towards the shore. When she was actually relatively close, the ground disappeared from under her.

"Ahh! What is this?" Emma exclaimed.

"Em, you ok?" Asked Elliot.

"Yeah, I'm fine. Go find mum and dad. I'll be a while, I don't know how I'll get out of here... And don't you come down, I'll have enough trouble getting out on my own." Emma replied, looking around the cave- for that is what it was- and wondering how she was ever going to get dry enough to get her legs back. She sighed and readjusted her position a little, knocking something loose from the wall in the

process.

Looking down to see what her elbow had knocked, Emma discovered it was a journal of some sort. _Gee, I wonder what it says in it... Or if it is even legible still._ Opening it, Emma found that there was writing in it- and that she somehow could read and make sense of it, even though it was not English by any means.

The first entry read:

_I have received this journal for my 12__th__ birthday. Oh, how grown up I feel! Me, with my own journal, my own pen, my own way to record my thoughts for centuries to come. I do not care what Father O'Connell thinks- a woman is indeed lost without a confidant, a place where she can write her innermost thoughts, even if the Bishop himself dislikes educated women. I care naught. For I often like to record my adventures on scraps of paper, even if they are burned in the fireplace for fuel that same day. It makes me feel important. Which is why I am sitting here, in this beautiful cave, watching the moon rise as I write this._

I sometimes wonder what I will become, one day. If I will ever amount to anything more than a girl who lives in a small, narrow-minded village on the cliffs of the Emerald Isle, overlooking the sea.

Emma finished reading that entry, and, finding that she still was not at all dry, turned to the next. It read:

_Oh, what a wonderful morning, this 13__th__ of December of 1812! For I have found the answer to my question last night- I am indeed meant to be more than just me, a coastal cliffs child-bearer. Last night was the full moon. It looked so beautiful, reflected in the water of the pool, which began to bubble and boil. I felt compelled to look into the water, then to dive in. When I dove in, I felt healed- truly healed, not as I felt back when I was 7 years of age and received my First Communion. I felt as though, instead of staving off any sins I had, I was completely free from sin, free from everything earthly. I looked up at the moon, as it rose and continued to watch it as I climbed into the pool. The water sung to me, making me feel warm, loved, and safe. Which is a far cry from what I'll have waiting for me back home, what with me being the only child in my family who is not a twin. Three sets of twins- my mum has been pregnant 5 times, the one other time it was only one child, a boy, he was a stillborn- and myself make up my very Catholic family. Oh, and my parents. Or, at least, my mum and my stepfather. My father disappeared long ago- when I was but a wee lass, and my younger brother (the stillborn) yet to be born. All that my older sisters (all four of them) do is whinge. All my two older brothers do is play games, as they are barely men. Yet, I am the one who has to do anything- me and my parents, that is._

_If you were a real person, dear diary, you would have departed from me long ago, gone and run away from me. All that life seems to be, for me, is one story that even I get bored with. Well, at least this... tail... will spice up my life a little. For, after falling asleep in the water (there is a step, I sat down on it and soon fell asleep), I woke up to find that I had a mermaid's tail. I hope that this has not made me into much more than I am- if it has, then I am sort of doomed, as the Irish are notorious for two things: their

belief in magic and Catholicism. I guess I would have to find somewhere to go, if I were ever to be found out. Mayhap I could do a crime, and go to Australia. Or I could just go there... Now I am waiting to see if I can dry enough to lose the tail. Or if I am stuck with it forever, and therefore have to swim away, now. _

The next bit was slightly charred, but Emma could read it.

I just made a fist, of sorts,... and the paper burst into flames! I quickly leaned down, over the pool, and put it into the water, before it was engulfed in flames. Happily, I was able to keep you, dear diary, safe, except for one burnt out page. But it is ok- all I did on that page was whinge, whinge, whinge, and worry. But I needn't have worried- I tried to dry myself just now, with the heat that I somehow created, and I was able to make the scales disappear. Now to get back home...

Emma looked at her tail and sighed. She wondered, aloud, "Why can't I have Rikki and Cleo here with me, just this once? I wish they were here..." She then heard footsteps above her.

"Em, you still down there?"

"Yeah, Elliot. I'm fine, though. I'll be up in a little while, I may have found a way out... Or it could be blocked. I'm looking now." Emma then pulled herself and the diary, which she coated in ice (not dry ice, but it wasn't ice made from water, either) over to the side of the pool, and slid in, just as the moon rose over Mako. The cave became as dark as the cave had been at Mako, right before a full moon shone into the volcano top. The water began bubbling, and Emma looked around in awe. The cave had lit up to be rather brightly blue, just like Mako. A shelf appeared in the side of the pool, with a blue crystal in it, which was soon lighting up the pool even more, projecting an image on the wall. As Emma watched in amazement, she saw Cleo, Rikki, and another girl, whom she assumed had to be Bella (Cleo and Rikki both had emailed her, telling her about how things were going for them, just as she told them about some of her travels) jump into the Moon Pool. The moon was directly above the three girls, and she could see them as though watching from the ledge of the aquatic entrance, and when she looked around, it was as though she were looking around there, instead of a pool in a cave in Ireland. She noticed that the walls were stripped deeply, as though they had been stripped away to be the same as the walls in the cave she was in- for those walls sparkled dimly and bluely. She sighed, realizing that the Moon Pool had changed, as had her friends. She watched in horror as the girls lifted something out of the water, lifting it higher and higher and higher, and watching helplessly as they grew weaker and weaker and weaker. She shouted to the cave "Give them my strength as well! They are my friends, and I don't want them to die!" Instantly Emma felt fatigued. She sat down on the ledge that the girl- whoever it was- mentioned in her diary. Emma felt her strength draining away, going almost completely around the world to help the three girls at Mako. She sighed, and closed her eyes, mere seconds before falling into a deep sleep.

When Emma woke up, the moon was almost at the top of the mouth of the cave. She looked around, and realizing that she had to go, or else her family would come look for her, she swam out of the cave. As Emma swam around trying to find a secluded beach upon which to swim onto with a wave, she began to feel as though she were being watched.

Looking up, Emma saw someone standing at the tip of a cliff. That person jumped from the very top- a jump that, Emma knew, could kill a human, or show someone as a mermaid. Wanting to rescue that person, Emma swam over to the ledge, and found a young child, maybe 8 years old, swimming calmly.

2. Chapter 2

"Hi, my name is Emma. What's yours?"

"I'm Ceili. I didn't know that there were other mermaids... I thought I was all alone."

"No, Ceili, you are not all alone. I personally know of four other mermaids, and another four people who used to be mermaids, but for some reason or another, they gave up their powers."

"Where are they now, then? I haven't seen any of them!"

"Why, they don't live here- they all live in Australia, you see. There is another place there, much like the cave here, which is where I assume you were changed."

"So there could be millions of caves around the world, and we just don't know it?"

"Yes."

"Well then, can we go to Australia?"

"Not right now. Tell you what- next time I go there, I'll swim there and take you there with me, ok?"

"Ok, but I'm going to hold you to that."

"Ok. How were you dry, up on that cliff?"

"I was keeping the water off of me with my powers. Surely you can do that?"

"No, I can't. I can freeze stuff and make it snow- which most people in Australia tend to notice."

"Oh. Well then, let's head to the beach, and I'll pull the water off of your skin and hair. Then you can go, and forget about me like my family seems to have."

"Ceili, what do you mean?"

"I mean, my mother and my father forgot about me, what with all 6 of my siblings. They never look to see if I am with them, but heaven forbid that my little brother, twin sister, or any of my other siblings go missing!"

"Oh, Ceili. If you want, I will convince my parents to adopt you, and we can look out for each other. Just so you'll know, I do have a younger brother, although he is older than you by a few years. But I'll never forget about you, or leave you alone."

"Ok, thanks Emma. Let's go get dry."

The two girls then swam to the shore, and Ceili dried both of them off using her powers. Emma continued to hold the diary in her hand, keeping it cold and safe from the water, to keep it from rotting or the ink in it from running. Emma walked a few feet, and then saw her parents looking over the rocks- looking for her, she guessed.

"Hey, Mum! Dad! Over here!"

"Oh, Emma, I'm so excited that you are ok! You don't need anything do you? And who is this girl with you?"

"Mum, this is Ceili. She helped me get out of the hole that I fell into. Her family has pretty much abandoned her, and I want you guys to adopt her. Please, Mum? Dad? She is really nice, and it would really cool for Elliot and I to have a younger sister."

"We'll discuss it, Em. In the meantime, Ceili, is there anywhere that you could go?"

"No, I've been wandering around the beach, trying to find someone who is willing to adopt me." Both girls knew that this was a lie, as was, obviously the way in which the petite girl had helped Emma out of the hole. They also both knew without having to ask the other if her parents knew she was a mermaid. For both girls, the answer was no.

"Oh, then you can come back with us to the hotel, and we will figure out how Australians can adopt Irish girls in Ireland. Right, honey", stated/asked Emma's father.

"Yes, Ceili, you can come back to the hotel with us. Do not worry, we will adopt you." replied Emma's mother.

The two girls hung behind and talked quietly to each other as they walked to the hotel, Elliot walking just behind them, where he just barely could not hear what they were telling each other. Elliot was barely able to contain his excitement, as his sister was safe and back with him. He did not yet know that he would soon have two sisters.

Please comment and tell me what you think- this is my first fan fiction ever, and I would really like some constructive criticism! I am doing this to become a better writer and learn how to express my ideas better in writing.

3. Chapter 3

The next morning, the two girls were up with the sun, to go for a swim. Unfortunately, Elliot was also awake, and wanting to go down to the beach with them so that they could all three go for a walk. The girls both sighed and allowed him to go with them, silently berating themselves for not getting up sooner. Elliot, however, was very excited, especially since their parents told Elliot the night before that they were going to adopt Ceili if they could. Elliot had always wanted to be an older brother, and although he was disappointed that he was not getting a baby sister, he was excited to have the younger redheaded girl as an addition to his family. Even if she looked

nothing like anyone in the family, besides maybe Emma... To Elliot, Ceili and Emma seemed alike somehow... Maybe in the way they carried themselves, or something else, that Elliot could not quite figure out.

The girls and Elliot walked down to the beach, where it began to rain. Emma and Ceili ran for cover under a rock overhang. Elliot followed behind them, asking Emma as he went "Em, why are you scared of water? You used to be fine with it, practically lived in it for a while. It's not like you can't swim."

"Oh, no, Elliot. I'm fine. I just realized that water may not be as safe as it is made out to be. Ceili just so happens to agree with me, right Ceili?"

"Yeah, Emma. And I think of drowning when I see water... I almost drowned once." Ceili responded, staring out at the rain.

Suddenly, the winds shifted. Emma almost swore as the water hit her skin. Ceili looked at her helplessly, and then suddenly clenched her hand, steaming the water off them. Elliot watched as they did this, wondering where all that steam came from.

"Elliot, I want to tell you something, but you can never, ever tell Mum and Dad. They would freak out if they knew. Ceili, you ok with this?"

"Yeah, sure Emma. I trust you... and I trust you, Elliot, even though I've known you for even less time than Emma." With those words, Ceili stopped steaming the rain off them.

"10, 9, 8, 7, 6, 5, 4, 3, 2, 1..." Both girls counted down. Elliot watched as they sat as they counted. When they grew tails, Elliot's eyes widened. He turned very pale, and swayed a little.

"How long have you been like this, Emma?" Elliot asked. He quickly added "But I won't tell Mum or Dad, I promise! I'll never tell anyone, Emma! You two can count on me!"

In the distance they three people on the beach could hear the two parents calling their names, telling them to come quickly or they'll miss breakfast. Elliot asked the two girls "Do you want me to get you two anything to eat?"

Emma replied "No, thanks, though Elliot" and Elliot ran off, yelling at his parents that the two girls were exploring the village and that he had come down there alone. The rock that the girls were under was situated so that the girls could see the parents, but the parents could not see the girls, thus making it seem as though Elliot had actually been alone on the beach.

"See, Ceili? Now our secret will be that much easier to keep. Elliot will help us." Emma told Ceili. Ceili just rolled her vividly green eyes. "You know what I mean... Sure, one more person knows, but it's not the end of the world or anything... that was two days ago!"

"Yeah... Wait, the world ended?"

"No. There was a comet or something that was pulled in by Mako- the

place I became a mermaid- and it almost killed the whole world. My friends and a friend of theirs (I've never met her) were able to keep it from hitting the Earth. It entered the Earth's atmosphere, though. But don't worry, we are all safe."

"Ok. Do I ever get to meet those friends?"

"Yeah, you will... One day very soon. My parents want to go back to Australia next, and I'm going to insist that we get to stay there, maybe take care of the new house that they will probably buy... I want to go to college, and I want to help keep you safe."

"Ok. You know, your brother is the second person I've ever told my secret to. I told my twin sister. She didn't tell anyone about it, though. Just said that we were no longer identical, with me being a mermaid, and her being a human. I tried to convince her to come to the pool with me last month, during a full moon, but she said she didn't want to be a freak like me." By this point, Ceili looked like she was about to cry. Emma reached out and put her arm around the younger mermaid. Ceili began sobbing. Looking around, Emma spotted some people walking down the beach. Squinting, she counted eight people, six of whom seemed younger than her. She nudged Ceili. Ceili looked at them, then at her tail. She took a deep breath, and, holding her hands over both girls' tails, heated up the water to the point of evaporation, making their tails disappear. Then, Ceili stood up and ran in the other direction from them. It was obvious she was trying to avoid them. The family did not even notice her.

Emma stood up and followed Ceili into the cave of the pool. She was excited that she had remembered to bring along the diary. Ceili had read the first two entries the night before, at the hotel, and now both girls sat and read from the journal together.

_I am excited to be able to look around at all of the coral, now. I have pretty much run away from home, although my family has yet to notice, or at least has not worried about me enough to come looking for me yet. I have not left this cave since about 8 pm on my birthday, which means that I have been here almost a week (if I counted the moonrise correctly, it has been six days). Well, I have not been on land, other than in this cave, since my birthday. I have been able to make this place like a new home, and I catch fish and cook them over a driftwood fire before eating them. I maintain my appearance- two days after my birthday, in my swimming, I found a brush and some ribbons. I brushed out my hair, and then braided it while I was in my mermaid form. I then dried off and did the same with my hair in my human form. _

_Something just so that if anyone finds me, and tries to experiment on me, dear diary- just so that if I don't live to tell anyone my secret, people will know what a mermaid can look like. I have an orange-ish golden tail that disappears around my midriff. For a top I have a top that would be scandalous if I were to wear a top like it in front of people that is also made out of fish scales. There is a very slight ridge along my tail that lines up with that bone in my back- my spine?- but other than that my tail is pretty much the same throughout. All of the scales are about the same size and shape, although my fin does not have any scales on it. When I am human or mermaid (this part of me stays the same, the part that looks human.) I have black, curly hair that falls to the middle of my back. My eyes are blue- almost blue that looks like its been covered in a thin

layer of ice- and my skin is very pale. I sunburn and don't freckle. I am the oddball in a family of people who freckle, have red hair (except for my mother, her hair is black, like mine. But hers is very straight, as is that of my siblings), and tend to have brown or green eyes. I am the only person who has had blue eyes in living memory for my family. Even all four of my grandparents had green or brown eyes. No one in my family is blond. My family looks strange amongst the rest of the village. Everyone else is families of red haired and blond people with green and blue eyes. I am the only person with black hair and blue eyes. I am rather on the thin side, but so is everyone else in the village. I am tall for a 12 year old, almost the height of my older brothers, who are a touch on the short side for men in this region._

I am the youngest in my family, and no one really cares about me. Everyone in the village thinks that I'm a witch- the only reason why I have not been burned is that the village midwife was there when I was born, and she claims that witches are not born, but rather pop into existence. She was there during the first week of my life, because I was so frail and thin. And because I was born early. Almost too early, but not early enough that I was born and then died, like my little brother. I never met him. No one ever met him but for my mother and the midwife. And then he died. I never even saw him- closed casket. He couldn't go into the church, as he was never baptized. I wished for a baby brother. And I got one- but he died. I never wished that he wouldn't die- I guess that that is where my mistake was. I wonder what he'd think if one of his older sisters were a mermaid. I doubt he'd think it at all strange. Footsteps at this hour? I've got to go, dear diary. See you tomorrow!

Emma looked at Ceili. She was still reading, following along with her finger now that Emma was done. Emma lifted the page to peek to see if there was more writing on the next page. She exhaled in relief, seeing more of the thin script that the writer used when writing in the journal.

Ceili looked up at Emma. "Can we read the next one, as well? Please?"

"Sure, Ceili. We can. Ready?" Ceili nodded, and Emma turned the page. The girls resumed reading.

_Everything I have ever known to be true about my family has been flipped. First of all, I found out that the midwife who delivered my brother actually took him when he was born, and he's still alive today. He's my best friend, Conan. My mother did not want another child, especially with my father gone. Another thing that I learned was that I am not the daughter of my mother, but rather of my father and a woman that he met in a cave one winter solstice. In that night, he managed to get her pregnant, and when the child- me- was born, he managed to bring me home and convince his wife, who actually bore a close resemblance to me, to keep me as her own daughter. The people who told me all of this were, of course, the midwife and Conan. As I now look out at the stars, my half brother beside me, I wonder who my real mother is, and where she is. I wonder if she is still alive. And most of all, I worry about if Conan will splash me or not... We used to play a game where we would go down to the beach and splash each other, and with that shared water, we shared secrets and laughs. Now I wonder if he knows that I have a new secret, one that I would never tell anyone willingly... Oh, GOD NO! He splashed me, got to

go!_

Ceili finished first this time. It only took Emma a few more seconds to finish up, then they looked at each other.

"Let's keep going! It is really interesting... Please go on!" Ceili begged.

"Ok, I guess we can read one more." Emma relented. They turned the page and read the next entry together.

Well, at least someone knows who I really am... I sure hope no one else figures anything out. It rains way too much here for someone to easily hide, but I guess I will just have to make sure to be careful. At least now that Conan knows, I won't have to hide this from him. I am putting down exactly what we said to each other, so that I will never forget. It's not something one would ever want to forget, their brother finding out that they are a mermaid.

_So, obviously, I turned into a mermaid. In front of him. At least I know I am not crazy- his eyes were just as huge as I imagine mine were the first time I changed. _

"How long have you been like this?"

"Oh, not too long- just since my birthday. It was a full moon, which is what spurred all of this. The water over there began bubbling, and it turned very blue- bluer than the sky on a nice summer day, can you imagine it?- and I climbed in and felt clean and at peace with the world, holy almost."

"But... a fish?"

"I'm a mermaid, like in all of those pagan legends like the priest tells us to never listen to."

"They're true?!"

"Indeed, they are." With those words, he left. I am left with my thoughts, with my troubles- which, with Conan's news of his parentage, have near about doubled. You see, dear diary, I like Conan... I almost fancy myself to love Conan. But I can't love him- he's my brother, and I'm a mermaid, and if anything, mermaids pretty much only play around with love, not actually feel it. Not true love, anyways. Or, at least, that's what the legends tell humans. But if I felt those feelings before- does that mean it is true love?

Emma sighed when she read the last part of the journal entry.

"Imagine loving someone but knowing that you'd never be together. It would be horrible." she told Ceili, who had finished reading a few seconds after Emma. "I would never be able to live with myself if that happened..."

"I've never been in love before. So I wouldn't know, Em. I'm barely 8. I can't even imagine what true love feels like..." Ceili answered.

"Ah, but you'll know one day, Ceili. Lets get back to mum and

dad."

Sorry that it took so long to update- as you saw, it is probably about the length of two or three chapters, so I hope this is worth the wait! Please do review- I have only had one review, and that was on the first day that I published! I won't stop if you give me some criticism (unless you say something to the effect of "I will never read this garbage again, and you are totally inaccurate and I hate your writing and find it confusing, and everyone I have talked to who has read it agrees with me!"). Worst that will happen is that I'll get busy and not post for a week or two.

4. Chapter 4

When the girls arrived back at the hotel, it was to find Emma's parents talking to a social worker or a lawyer or something. There were some people who looked slightly like Ceili in the background- in fact, one of the people looked exactly like Ceili, except that she was making a face that Emma had never seen Ceili make before- a face of mockery, almost. Emma knew right then that that girl was Ceili's twin sister. She suddenly felt sorry for Ceili- the little girl reminded her of Cleo's sister, Kim, in the attitude that she seemed to wear. It made her sick, and yet thankful at the same time- sick because how could someone be such a horrible person and not get it, and yet thankful that Elliot was not like that. And nor was Ceili.

The parents then began talking with each other.

"Sure, you can adopt Ceili. We don't have need o' her- she's too much o' a handful, and doesn't do any of her chores, ever. So you can have her- for a price. We do need ta be paid for taking care o' her for so long", stated Ceili's father.

"Nonsense- we will take Ceili because we feel she is being neglected, not because we need a maid. You have multiple children- surely one more child was not that big of a hassle? We will pay, as you say, for her with love, compassion, and care. Take it or leave it. Besides, that makes it sound as though you are selling her- like a slave, and as slavery is illegal, you are doing something illegal." The Gilberts did not really need a lawyer, other than to know the loopholes in the laws, *(who else has noticed that on H****2****0?)* and they could, any one of them, stand up for themselves and those that they felt needed it. Emma's mother was no exception- she even spoke like a lawyer, which was a stark contrast to the words of Ceili's father, which were spoken in very thick, accented English.

Ceili glared at her father. She clenched her hand from sheer anger. Emma placed a restraining hand on her shoulder, causing her to look up at Emma, who was slightly shaking her head, trying to keep her from harming her parents on the spot. Ceili sighed and slowly relaxed.

Ceili's sister glared at the two girls, her eyes narrowing as she realized that Emma knew Ceili's secret. Ceili glared right back at her. The two girls had a staring contest while the parents talked. Finally, the lawyer cleared her throat. Emma did a double take when she saw the woman. She looked exactly like an older version of Rikki... right on down to the length of her hair and intensity in her

eyes. Emma gasped.

"Must I remind you people that, I, Rina Chadwick, have been hired to work on this case? Or do you already remember this?" she demanded of the four parents. "I, and therefore this country as well, have come to a definite conclusion- these parents are unfit to take care of Ceili, as well as all of her siblings. Now, the courts do not want to separate these children, but with seven children, it will be nigh on impossible to find foster parents who are willing to take them all."

"We can." Emma blushed the moment that she realized that she had just spoken for her parents, without consulting them first. But she knew, suddenly, that that is what she had to do. She looked at her parents. "Please, mum, dad. We could just go back to the Gold Coast, and find a nice large house, and I could continue my studies, like an ordinary girl. I could hang out with my friends before they all go off on whatever adventures they are going to go on, and maybe work part time while searching out what I want to do with my life. Please? A family of 11 is not that bad... Only 7 more than we have now. And the oldest two are Ceili and her twin sister."

"Emma, we don't even know this children. We cannot know that we are the best possible parents for them-"

"Unless we try having them as children. Please, Mum... You know I don't ask much of you guys, I just have this feeling that they all need us, and we all need them and just don't know it yet. Besides, do you know how bad foster care can be for children? You can ask them about it when you decide to adopt them- or you could just adopt them now. Please?"

"Fine, Emma. You are correct- you never really do ask for anything. Maybe one of them would like to take your place on the swim team. You know, I still have not gotten over you quitting..."

"I'm sorry Mum... I just realized that it wasn't a part of my dream- whatever my dream is, it is not that."

****Author's No****t***e**:****

****I messed up a few chapters ago- Ceili only has Cleo's power, not Rikki's... Oh, and just to establish this once and for all, I do not own H2O or any other brand names that I mention in this story. I own the actions of the characters in my story, as well as a good number of the characters in my story, and that is all. If I owned H2O, it would be very different, and focus on Emma as well as the other 3 girls in the third season (not to mention, have a fourth season).****

****Thanks for reading, and, as always, please review!****

5. Chapter 5

The next morning, the Gilberts went and signed the adoption papers. As they signed each of the papers, Ceili told Emma about her siblings. Some of them were nice to her, some of them, not so much. Her twin sister, Adrian, was the most horrible to her- well, ever since she became a mermaid. Before then, they had been best friends.

But now... things were different. Very different. Most of the rest of her siblings were nice, and caring... and did not know her secret. Ceili and Adrian were the oldest of the seven children. There was one set of triplets, who were about three and a half years younger than the twins- all identical, all girls, named Emilia, Tatiana and Caelin. They all looked up to Ceili, but not so much to Adrian, because she babied them. Then there were twins- a boy and a girl. The boy's name was Cade and the girl's name was Caite. They were two and a half. The papers were signed quickly under the supervision of Rina, whom Emma kept on looking at. _It couldn't be... There is no way, whatsoever, that she is related to Rikki. She would have told me if she had a sister... Oh well, no way to know but to ask._

"Excuse me, but do you happen to know a girl named Rikki Chadwick? I know Chadwick is not that common of a last name, and you look just-"

"Rikki is my sister. How do you know her? How did you meet her? Because anyone else that I have meet who knows her have said that she is a horrid, mean person, and I should wish that my parents had never gotten together again."

"She accidentally got us- one of my friends and I- stranded on an island about three or four years ago- maybe a bit more, maybe a bit less, I don't know." _C'mon Emma... Don't try so hard... You can quite easily downplay it a little more... You don't want her to find out, do you?_

"Of course. What I say to those other people is that her mother and my mother are not related. Because they are not. We are half sisters, really. Her father and my father are the same- our mothers are merely cousins. So, we are indeed relatives. But we are more alike than you'd care to think..." With those last words, Emma looked up at her, wide-eyed. _Does she know? She must... Rikki has told us all everything about her life... I think... But maybe she lied... Only one way to find out._

"Hey, would you like to go explore the beach with us, as the social worker/ lawyer? I know that Ceili here likes the beach, as do I. I've seen all seven of the children on the beach. Please, Rina?"

Rina reacted just as Emma thought she would- because it was the exact same way as Emma was acting inside, and Ceili was looking at Emma in much the same way.

"Umm... Sure. Let's go right now, while the tide is out."

"Ok, then. Mum, Dad, that's where we will be. You coming, Elliot?"

"Yeah, 'course I'm coming! Who else would keep all you girls out of mischief, and keep Cade company? He can't be alone with a whole bunch of girls!"

With that, all 10 people left. While they were gone, the four parents talked a little.

"You two do know what you are getting into, right?" asked the biological mother of seven, whose name was Adrian. "Ceili is a handful on her own- ever since we got here, she has been really

secretive, and suddenly she started to go down to the beach alone, and spend hours down there. Adrian suddenly stopped talking to her, and she is trying to get the younger children to stop as well. She won't say what she saw, or what happened. I think she is angry with Ceili. They both used to be good children- now Ceili is going off on her own to who knows where, and Adrian has become a spoiled brat."

"Maybe having older siblings will be good for those two- Emma and Elliot have gotten along since the day he was born, they've never fought for long. As for the younger children, they all seem to be in awe of Emma and Elliot. Maybe they will grow up to be strong, logical thinking people who are not taken to fits of passion like their older twin siblings. That is the reason why I said yes. That and..." Adrian's husband, Cade, snored, drowning out the rest of her sentence. It was obvious that he was drunk and had passed out. Adrian turned bright red.

"He's just been so stressed. He used to be a wonderful father, but now he has suddenly started drinking and yelling at the children- he became angry all the time, when he was dealing with them. Even little Cade, who wouldn't harm a single fly, he has started yelling at. He hasn't beat any of them yet, but I knew it was only a matter of time. I started trying to leave different children different places, to get them away from him. I'm alone, I have no family besides him, and the baby that is on the way (he does not know of it yet. I plan to leave him before he finds out), and I do not want to give the children to anyone in his family- they are all clinically insane, and I don't trust them. I plan to move to Australia and change my name, just to get away from him."

"Do you want to still be able to see your children? Because, well, Adrian is a sort of common name- just change your last name to Gilbert, and you can be an aunt to your children- you can still see them. You may want to dye your hair, or change your nose or something, just to keep you safe and keep your children from recognizing you, but you can still be a part of their growth and development."

"That sounds wonderful... Although I would have to do a lot of stuff to myself. Where in Australia do you live?"

"Gold Coast, in Queensland. After we see some of France, we will be going home. Emma misses her friends, and she wants to go to a specialized school out there."

"I will look for houses there. I have been saving the money I've been making in an account that my husband cannot access, and now have quite a bit of money- you see, I am an author, although I use a pseudonym when I write, as my husband just thinks it is a hobby of mine. It keeps me safe, and I just claim, whenever we need some of the money, that the courts found me as the only heir to a distant, rich, formerly unknown relative. It works." Cade was still sleeping, his snoring becoming increasingly louder as he went deeper and deeper into sleep.

While the three conscious parents were talking, and planning what to do, the ten younger people were walking along the beach, with the three mermaids towards the back, while the younger children and Adrian were all drawn to Elliot, as they had never gotten a chance to

get to know a boy that age before- not well, at least. It suddenly began to rain. Emma and Ceili looked at each other, panicked, and ran to the opening of the cave, sliding down just as their tails formed. They peered out of the cave as soon as they were dry, to find that Rina was hiding behind a rock. From the cave, Emma beckoned to Rina, while freezing the rain. Ceili held the rain off of Rina, who quickly dried herself. _She has heat powers, like Rikki,_ thought Emma. _I wonder if she has any other powers_. Rina ran into the cave, and the three girls ducked down out of the hole just as the rest of the children turned around. Elliot was the only one who saw them, and he quickly distracted them.

"Whew... That was close! Why didn't you tell me you were _that_ Emma? Rikki told me all about you three! You just said that she was a girl who got you guys stranded on an island... Oh, I am sorry... I didn't even think about what island it could have been, or the time... You did tell me you were that Emma, you just didn't say it in a way I was expecting. Now, where are we?"

"We are in a moon pool in an Irish sea cave. I was changed here." Ceili replied.

"Have you heard anything from Rikki lately? I saw a vision in here a few nights back, and I want to know if she is ok. I tried to help her, but I haven't heard anything from her at all..."

"No, I haven't heard anything for weeks. Not since you left... You've probably heard more about her than me."

"Yeah... What has happened is about three or four days ago, there was supposed to be a comet- named after Eva, ironically, who my friends thought may have been a mermaid that turned in this pool- that came really close to destroying the Earth. I didn't know it at the time, but when I was in this pool, the comet came really close to the one in Australia. I think it was attracted by this stone- see how it is magnetic, but only to the other stone. And it doesn't matter what side you place the stone on- it is completely magnetic, all the way around. Well, I think that comet had some of that stone in it, because people didn't think it would come that close to the Earth- people didn't think it would come into the Earth's atmosphere. But it did, and the three of them- the four of us- worked together to push it out."

"The four of you? Don't tell me that Charlotte is still a mermaid!"

"No, they met another mermaid. Her name is Bella. She came just after I left... At first, I thought that they were trying to replace me, but I've realized since that they weren't. They just wanted to help another mermaid. Besides, there are now four powers anyways, so it's not like they could replace me- I'll always be their icy mermaid friend."

"What's that?" Rina pointed at the journal, which was still in the corner.

"Oh, it's a journal that a mermaid from a long time ago left in here. I think the magic of this place protects it from decomposing, because it was written in 1812 or 1813. I have read some of it, as has Ceili. If you'd like, you can read some of it as well. We've read the first

five entries. When you've caught up, we can take turns reading them out loud."

"Ok... You know, I'm not much of a reader. I just want to swim. Come find me when you guys are done reading some of it. And be sure to take it back to Australia. I think it is probably important, especially if this Bella girl hadn't noticed it before."

"I hadn't either! I was surprised when Emma showed it to me!"

Rina then left the cave through the pool. The other two girls opened up the journal and read:

I still don't know what to think. My heart says to go one way, my brain the other. Why can't I just leave all of this behind? Why? I both want to mention this to my mother and I want to keep the fact that I know from her. Maybe Conan would do that for me. Mention to mum that he knows that he's her son, and see if she says anything. I just want to marry Conan Chadwick one day, and have a nice, large family who can all pass on whatever it is that makes me the way I am. Oh, my, I hear voices coming. Please let it be Conan!

"Chadwick? Isn't that Rina's last name?"

"Yes, it is Rina's last name, as well as Rikki's. I wonder if it does run in the family, and Cleo's sister Kim should stay away from the Moon Pool... Oh well, do you want to read some more?"

"Indeed I do!"

"Then let's continue."

_Thank God! It was merely Conan and his adopted mother, Mrs. Chadwick. We all call her Mrs. because his adopted father died, but she kept the same last name. Anyways, Conan was one step ahead of me. Apparently, he has feelings for me as well! So he looked into it- and found out that my adopted mother had slept with his adopted father that same night. Both my father and his mother had mistaken the person whom they had slept with for their spouse. My father, thinking my mother was a mermaid! Yeah, right! But this is wonderful- this means that Conan and I can date, and live a happy life together. He made an offer to my mother, a bride price. He told her that he loves me so much that he will build a house just for my mother. She told him "Nay, I'd rather you just gave me coin. She's yours for ten gold coins." Conan gladly gave her the ten gold coins, right then and there. He knew that, even if I did not love him, which I do, I would pick my best friend over anyone else, any day. Unless I had fallen in love with someone. And I have- but with him! I'm so excited. I, a non-human mermaid freak, am getting married to the love of my life! We are just going to go to the courthouse and get our license, and then go to the church and get married. I am going to wear his adopted mother's wedding dress, which she thinks will fit me quite well. I am going to wear my blue necklace, which the stone is luckily in the shape of a cross, and has a natural hole in it, and not hide it, like I used to. Conan is going to claim that he bought it from the last group of gypsies that came through- they come through often enough that there will be at least one more group of them before the winter solstice. Which is when we will marry. Indeed, I am only twelve, as is he, but we are meant to be together. We are in love, and will never fall out of love. I long to just live with him- we don't need

to have children right away, although we could if we wanted to- girls my age and younger are having children. I am getting married in less than a week! This seems so strange, I know, to anyone who may read this. But this part of Ireland is very traditional- people claim that the Virgin Mary conceived Jesus when she was 12. I am twelve, and people are claiming that I am almost an old maid. I will hold off on children, at least a year or two. I do not want to have deformed, small children- I want strong, beautiful, graceful children. Which means that I must wait, at least a little while._

Conan is excited as well. He ran back to the village after telling me to dry off to get the certificate, and tell the whole village that we are getting married. Now I just need something new... Mayhap a veil, as Mrs. Chadwick's was eaten by moths. My mum will buy me one, I know it. One of her children getting married is a big deal, after all. Even if I am just a bastard child that she brought up. Five gold coins is a large amount- and my spinning and weaving make just enough that I am not burden- people come from miles around just to buy it. I'm being modest- it is just the facts.

Mrs. Chadwick did not seem at all surprised to see that I have a tail. Indeed, she told me that I look just like my mum. So I asked her if she knew my mum. She replied that not only did she know my mum but that she was one of her best friends. She then sighed. I heard her mutter under her breath "Eva, if only you could see your daughter now..." And then she said goodbye and left.

Emma's eyes were very wide as she finished reading the entry- no question as to why, of course. First of all- whoever wrote this journal was only 12 and she wanted to get married? Have children? Emma was 17, almost 18, and she did not yet feel the need for marriage. Secondly- this was the daughter of Eva? Which means that Eva did not die! That really excited Emma- until she realized that Rikki, like Charlotte, had family who were mermaids. After all, Chadwick... not many people have that last name, and it would be really uncommon in Ireland. If Rina, who appears to have been born in Ireland had that last name, and was related to Rikki, then Rikki had to be related to Eva and her daughter- who ever that was. Emma was slightly disappointed that there was still no name for the owner of the diary. She looked belatedly over at Ceili, who was watching her facial expressions, trying not to laugh.

"What is so funny?"

"You- I got bored of the diary when she began going and on and on about a guy, so I just sat and watched you. I'm glad I did- your face showed probably every emotion I could think of- you looked slightly sick in one part, and in another, you looked excited, and yet another, you looked angry. It was fun to watch you."

"Not to mention better than actually learning something about the history of mermaids?"

"I don't need to concern myself with the personal life of some girl who has died a long time ago. I have my own life to worry about. I don't need someone else's to worry myself with."

"But... This could very well have been your life, and it pertains to your life now that you're a mermaid! You should know some of this... At the very least, knowing what we know now, and knowing who we know

now, we can maybe figure out if this is genetic at all... Because that means that we can figure out if your siblings will change, if they are exposed to the right conditions. We might even find out if males can change- all the people I know who are mermaids are female, but that doesn't mean guys can't be mermaids- or mermen, or whatever one would call them."

"True. But can you just summarize it for me? So I don't have to read it?"

"Ughhh... You're just like Rikki! Always wanting me to do the work, and yet you also easily profit from it. Fine... I will. Pretty much, besides going on and on and on about Conan, she mentions how her mother was a mermaid, and how she looks just like her. She also mentions her mother's name- Eva. As there was a comet in the mid-1700's, before her mother could have been born... As Ms. Chadwick and she were best friends, and Ms. Chadwick sounds like she could be any age, but to have the village believe that her son is her son, she needs to be at most 50, and at least 30. Therefore, she and this girl's mom, Eva, were a generation or two after the comet flew overhead- and if Eva is a family name, then it would make total sense. Wouldn't it?"

"I guess... Is that all? No, 'oh, and her boyfriend was a vampire?'"

"Ceili! No, why would you think that?"

"No reason. Just, if we want to make all these supernatural conclusions, we might as well throw in vampires. They are easy to kill- and kind of the opposite of us. We'd never meet a vampire in the park, now would we? They'd be dead- because usually when there is no water in the air, or very little, it is sunny, which is when vampires hide."

"That is a completely valid point- in another conversation. Now, we should probably go find Rina, to make sure that she hasn't turned into sushi. Let's go!"

6. Chapter 6

For this chapter, I decided to mix it up a little- I am going to show what life is like for the other three mermaids, from Rikki's point of view. I hope that this will illuminate more where Rina came from. Just a heads up.

I walked to Rikki's, looking out at the coast. I like being with Zane- he gives me free smoothies, and the other girls too, when they're with me. I'm glad Lewis and Cleo are back together, and that Bella and Will have finally hooked up. I just wish that my parents could have been that happy together. I was slightly tired of all that romance, so I sat down on the beach, watching the waves hitting the sand. They were such a sweet couple, until Rina became afraid of water and Mum said it was all Dad's fault. I sided with Dad, as did Rina. However, Mum took Rina away with her, to America. Rina never changed her last name to mum's last name, which was Camino. I've never really thought much of why Dad left Ireland with me. I guess too many painful memories...

_I was walking on a beach, and I saw a fish tail in the water. It was orange, and scaly, as well as being very large, for a fish. It was also slightly too bright for the Irish Coast. I ran over, and I saw that it wasn't a fish- it was my sister, and she was swimming away from me- away from Mum and Dad, who were mere meters behind me. _That memory suddenly hit me. Mum got so mad at Dad all of a sudden. I remembered it now- that was why she was afraid of water.

Then I realized the implications of that memory- that my sister was, or still is, a mermaid. I wasn't alone- and my whole family had known about it. I mean, sure, I had emailed her about me being a mermaid- I thought she was dead, she never replied back. I'd never tell anyone, but emailing my sister had become like a diary for me. Which means that she knows everything- up to the point that my dad almost caught me emailing her, and I stopped. That was almost a year ago- right after Charlotte lost her powers. _Man, I hope she's alive and well... Maybe she's met Emma in her travels... Although I doubt it, if she's still alive... I don't think it is likely that they'd be in the same place at the same time... I wonder how Emma is doing- I haven't heard much from her, not since she got to Ireland... I miss Ireland, although I don't envy Emma at all- trying to stay dry in Ireland is like trying to get wet in the middle of the Sahara Desert. Quite hard. I hope her parents don't know- if her mother knew, she'd probably be taken to the doctor, where she'd be cut to pieces._ I looked up when I heard someone calling my name. "Rikki! Rikki! Where are you, Rikki? I've been looking for you everywhere!" Standing in front of me was Rina. "Well, you want to swim?"

"No! You think you can just come waltzing over here after I-don't-even-know-how-long, with no contact at all, and expect me to want to swim with you? I don't think so! Bye!" With that, I ran to Rikki's- to Zane's loving arms. When I got to the caf  , I ran into the back room, making sure that Rina was not behind me. She wasn't. I couldn't even see her out the window. I slammed the door shut as I ran over to Zane, crying. He looked at me and asked, "Are you ok, Rikki? Is Sophie being mean to you again?"

"No. It's someone who I thought was dead, someone who I thought cared about me enough to respond to my emails. It's my sister... Zane, she and my mom left when I was way younger. I wrote her email after email, asking her how she is, and when she didn't respond back, I started writing whatever came to mind for me- back before I was a mermaid, it wasn't much, but after I became one, I started pouring out my heart to her, and yet still wrote, at the end of each email, that I love her, and want to know how she is doing, so please, for once, respond. Then, right after Charlotte left, my dad walked in on my writing one of the emails. Luckily, I had started that one without any mention of being a mermaid. Otherwise he would have found out. But I realized that he could look over my shoulder and read what I had written any time he felt like it. So I stopped, without an explanation, as I thought she never read any of it. Then, today, at the beach, I remembered that she was a mermaid. It was why my parents divorced- apparently, according to Mum, it was all Dad's fault. I began to worry about her, and then POOF! she shows up at the beach, wanting to go for a swim. I told her no, then ran all the way here." All through this, Zane watched me. And it was obvious he was listening. He seemed to have noticed how poorly our relationship went when he didn't pay attention. But now I had all of his undivided attention. Which I guess I appreciate, although I hope it lasts.

He sighed, then looked at me. "And you didn't wait for an explanation? Maybe she has a perfectly logical reason. Maybe she never got the emails- maybe you've been sending them to a complete stranger. Or to a computer that will store them 'til who-knows-when? Or maybe she wanted to wait to send you the perfect reply- that she won the lottery and now is very rich, and wants you and your father to come live with her. Why not you check your email right now, right here? She might have emailed you an explanation."

"Ok, thanks honey." I looked at the computer screen, waiting for it to boot up. After a few (incredibly long) minutes, it did so. I logged into my email account, and looked for new messages from her. There were none- but there was one from Emma. _That's funny_, I thought_. It has Rina as the subject. Well, I might as well open it..._

When I opened it, I found that there was a whole bunch of pictures of this old book, and this young girl, and all these other people. Some of them I recognized- Rina, Emma, Elliot, Emma's parents, but most I did not. With those pictures was a table of names. Like Emma would think I'd memorize a table with seven names in it? What was she, crazy or something?

The table looked something like this:

Name Age Description

Ceili 8 Twin to Adrian, long red hair, green eyes- a

Adrian 8 Twin to Ceili, long red hair, green eyes

Emilia 4 ½ Triplets with Tatiana and Caelin, blue eyes

Tatiana 4 ½ Triplets with Emilia and Caelin, blond

Caelin 4 ½ Triplets with Emilia and Tatiana, see above

Cade 2 ½ Twin to Caite, black hair, green eyes, boy

Caite 2 ½ Twin to Cade, black hair, grey eyes, girl

When I looked at the table, I noticed the a by Ceili's name. I scanned the email for an explanation of what it meant, but couldn't find anything. _Maybe it means alive. She obviously has lost it if she is sending me information about a family of children that I don't even know... Wait, there are seven children I don't recognize- maybe each of those children match one of those names... Yep, that is correct! I wonder who Ceili is, though... Is she the nicer looking twin, or the mean one? And how did Rina get here from Ireland? And what was she doing in Ireland._ With that last train of thought, I went to the final picture.

And found instead a note.

****A cliffhanger! Yay! I actually love cliffhangers- I know most people don't, but I do! I won't leave you guys waiting, but I will also be starting a new story, also about H2O, although it will be a bit more removed from the actual storyline. Anyways, I'd estimate at the most another 3 chapters, although I could be wrong... I've been wrong before, unlike Yossarian from Heller's piece of literary genius**

****_Catch-22_****, which I will also be posting an essay about... The essay was for school, and it is sort of a reflection on it. I have not yet turned in the final draft, so, as I will state in the intro to it (I will not make it a one-shot, I will show anyone who responds to it how I rewrite it), I need as much constructive criticism as possible- so if you have read Catch-22, please read it! Even if you haven't, I would still like you to check my grammar, diction and syntax!**

Yes, that was sort of a mini-advertisement, but I'm just warning you that I will be a lot more active for the rest of the week, and some of it may be slightly boring. Just a heads up!

7. Chapter 7

Now back to Ireland, to watch Emma and everyone else in a third-person point of view. Rina has not arrived Australia yet- you'll see, it's easier to understand once you read it.

Emma and Ceili could not find Rina anywhere. They searched for her everywhere, and eventually came across a note in cave that was a few miles offshore, yet opened into the salty air. Emma decided to read the note. It said, in handwriting that resembled Rikki's as follows:

Dear Emma and Ceili-

_By the time you two read this, I will be on my way to Australia. You see, while you were talking about my sister with me, I realized that I missed her. I never knew how to respond to her emails- she forgot about me being the reason for our parents' divorce. She forgot I was a mermaid- even though she was the first to see me, she was so young that she forgot. I changed in the same cave as we hung out in. I never wanted my family to find out, but one day we were all walking on the beach and it began raining. I ran for shelter, but could not find any, so I dove into the water just as I grew my tail. Rikki was not too far away from me, and she saw me swimming in the water. I thought the damage was done, so I swam over to her, just to see her eyes widen when she saw me. I then realized that she hadn't seen that it was me- that she thought I was a fish, which would have been way easier. She didn't say anything, but I could feel her staring at me as I swam away as quickly as possible. I swam to a different, less open beach, where I dried myself off. I managed to make it back to the hotel before my parents and Rikki. They began fighting that very evening- somehow it was my father's fault that I was changed, according to Mum. I sided with Dad. However, they divorced, and I haven't seen Rikki since I was pulled away from her when Mum was taking me to the U.S.- to start a new life, she said. I knew what it was really- to go be shone off as a freak. I waited until she and I were on the boat- I know, a boat, how much stupider can she get?- then dove overboard. I then went to an orphanage, as Rikki and Dad had already left for Australia, and I knew I couldn't go all the way to Australia. So I put myself up for adoption, always keeping the last name Chadwick- the couple that adopted me were fine with it, they made sure it was legally my last name on all of my documents. They encouraged me to become a lawyer, and so that is what I did. I told them my secret when they adopted me. They were fine with it- especially my adopted mother, Julia McMillen. She was a mermaid when she was younger, back when she was single- her last name was Dove,

and she changed in the same pool as you, Emma. But she gave it up for some reason- she never really told me. I never really got along with her husband, George. He was a nice man, but I still sort of had Dad. I got into the habit of calling them Mother and Father- they were proper English people, really, I think. They always had tea ready to go, and we lived in this massive house- more of a mansion, I think. It was a nice life, and yet the whole time I worried about Rikki, my baby sister. I chose to become a lawyer because I never wanted to be separated from my family. I wanted to keep other children from going through what I went through, worrying about Rikki. I also wanted to see if I could help any children who were mermaids, if there were any. You were the first one, Ceili. Well, the first one that came to me. There was one other, but she never told me. But I could tell- she had multiple abilities, and she tried to use them on me to get me to do something for her. She was a little brat- and I had always thought that those who became mermaids were unable to be bratty and whinging all the time- although the whinging all the time does make sense- who wouldn't want a normal life?_

Please don't come see me right away- I will email your parents and tell them that something came up, and I had to go, and I left you in charge, Emma. I will also tell them that I will meet them in Australia, in the Gold Coast, when you come back, but everything is just about final, it will just be a little family check-up. I do hope your parents invest in a new house that is very large- large enough for an 11-person family.

See you in a little over a month!

Rina

P.S. No, I am not going to try to freak Rikki out. I just want to apologize.

Emma took out her phone, on which she had an email ready to send to both Cleo and Rikki, and deleted Cleo's name from the recipient list. She then took a picture of the letter, and sent it to Rikki (**Yes, I am aware that that is one big picture- but she knew Rikki could find a way to read it**). She then stood up, and dusted off her pants.

"You coming, Ceili? I'm taking the journal with me- I need to finish it. Besides, we need to go make sure no one has drowned in the ocean. Lets go."

"Ok."

Then the two girls left the cave, as the rain had stopped. They managed to round up all of the other children before the rain came back, and they all returned to the hotel, where they told the parents that Rina had to leave to do something at her office, and that they'd see her in Australia, just like she had asked Emma and Ceili to do. Neither Adrian nor Cade were present- Adrian had gone off to Australia already, and Cade was off drinking in a bar, oblivious to the fact that in the next three months, he'd be getting divorce papers in the mail.

The next morning, the Gilberts all packed their bags and got ready to go to the airport to France. Emma was the person who had to sit next to a stranger on the plane, which was a three-three-three seat plane,

with two aisles. The Gilberts took up three rows, and then one more set of seats. Ceili sat on the window, with Emma next to her, a few rows behind everyone else, as those were the last two seats available. The two girls sat and talked to each other as the plane was loading. The door was about to close when a person sat down next to Emma.

"Hello dear, wonderful to see you again!" She said. "Is that a friend of yours, seated next to you?"

Emma's eyes bulged when she saw who it was next to her.

8. Chapter 8

"Ms. Chatham? What are you doing here?"

"I decided that I wanted to see more of the world. I could ask the same of you- especially since you would be so helpless here, in Ireland, in the rain." By this point Ceili was looking at Emma in such a way that it was obvious to a person as observant as Ms. Chatham that she was a mermaid as well. Ceili was glaring at Emma, obviously annoyed that she had not told her about anyone else knowing. "Again, I ask, who is this friend of yours? It is obvious that she would seek to avoid water, but it is also obvious that she is a local. So, who are you?"

"Who am I? Why, I am a friend of Emma's. Her family adopted my siblings and me just yesterday. As for seeking to avoid water, who are you to know that?"

"I am Louise Chatham. I am like Emma- in my trio of friends, I was the cool-headed, prepared one. Who are you? I know your name, but I don't know anything about you- names give no identity, just a name for a person."

"I am the middle, I guess- I tend to run neither hot nor cold, and I like to play with water. I am not a hothead like Rina seemed to be, but I'm definitely not like Emma, either." Ms. Chatham nodded as she said this, as though she had expected it. Emma noticed for the first time that Ceili had a ring on her finger that had a blue gemstone in it, exactly like the one that she now kept in her necklace, in the hollow part of it. Ms. Chatham did not seem at all surprised, though.

"Ms. Chatham- have you ever heard of Eva's comet?"

"Yes, I have heard of it. It came really close just a few days ago, did it not?"

"What else do you know about it?"

"Some people somehow connect it to other life forms on this Earth- non-human beings who happen to live in the sea or ocean, according to legend. Some say that the rock from that comet is found in random inactive volcanoes and in caves. Others say it is all just folly. I say that it did come very close to Mako- or at least, that is what I observed on the news. What do you say, Emma?"

"I say that it almost wiped the whole world out, and no one besides a

few people ever really cared, because they were too ignorant."

"I'd say that you are probably quite close to the truth."

With Ms. Chatham's last statement, Emma's mother came over, looking quite surprised to see Ms. Chatham.

"Why, how are you, Ms. Chatham?"

"I am doing quite well, thank you. And yourself?"

"I am quite busy, with the seven new children. But other than that, I am quite well. What were you and Emma talking about?"

"Eva's comet- remember Mum, that comet we saw on television the other day, coming quite close to Mako? We were just speculating about why it came so close."

"Not to mention what pushed it out of the atmosphere, I would hope Emma. I know that you are curious about that, sweetie."

"Yeah." Then, to Emma's relief, a flight attendant came up to Mrs. Gilbert and told her to sit down so that the plane could take off. Ms. Chatham's eyes glittered.

"You know all about how it was pushed out, don't you, Ms. Chatham?"

"I have my suspicions."

"You know that some people destroyed the Moon Pool? It looked all bare in the vision I had seen of it."

"You, level-headed Emma, are seeing visions? Be careful now, you must be very careful of how you will proceed with this, Emma. Make sure to keep your friends close- even if you feel betrayed, imagine how they will feel when they meet Ceili."

"But I warned Rikki- I told her that my parents had adopted a bunch of children, then described them all. I put an "a" for "aquatic mammal" next to Ceili's name- no offense, Ceili, but that is one way to describe what we are."

"I know. You could also have done an "f" for "fish girl", an "m" for "mermaid" or a "s" for "swimming". You do know that, right?"

"Yes, now that you mention it, my terminology was slightly obscure. But Rikki should be able to figure it out. If not, she will have Rina. She'll help her."

"Emma, you did send it to Cleo as well, right? Because if Rikki is anything like how she used to be, then I doubt that she would look at her email to memorize that." (**Yes, I know that Ms. Chatham is not so straightforward in the series... I just have been having trouble to write in her voice... I've been trying, but sometimes it has sounded really strange, and one could get the wrong idea, so I'm just going to say what Emma took from what she said- and parts ****_will_**** be vague, because Emma may take the advice several ways.**) "Emma, you need to think of your audience more. Cleo might have tried to memorize that, but Rikki never would."

"I know. I'd like to show you something- I found a journal. I think it's from either the daughter or granddaughter of Eva. That's what the journal pretty much said, anyways. I found it in a cave in Ireland."

"A journal?"

"Yes, a journal." Emma took out the journal. Ms. Chatham's eyes widened. Emma observed all of this curiously. Nothing ever seemed to shake Ms. Chatham- even her houseboat sinking did not do much to her. But this little book did do something to her- it scared her. Emma handed it to Ms. Chatham, who opened it up and began reading it, her hands shaking. Ceili had stopped watching her, and was looking out the window at the ground, which was receding behind them. As they flew over to the main land, Ceili raised her hand, making strange shapes with the water. Strange shapes that their family noticed. In fact, most of the plane noticed. Emma hissed for Ceili to stop, and she did. Ceili sulked the rest of the flight. The only person on their side of the aisle that did not notice was Ms. Chatham. She was too busy reading the notebook. She had yet to finish the second entry when they landed in France.

"Is something wrong, Ms. Chatham?"

"It takes one of the moon to be able to read the words of another of the moon, my dear, when the one writing wishes for it to be unknown by any other than one of the moon. I once was one of the moon- but no longer. Therefore, although the first entry was simple to read, the second was slightly more difficult." Emma looked confused.

"So I can read it because of what I am, and you cannot read it for the same reason?"

"Indeed. Beware of boys, my dear. They could quite easily be your undoing." With those words, she disappeared into the line of people making their way to the front of the plane. Emma watched her as best she could, thinking, _I wish she could be less vague. And that I had said nothing at all about the journal. I had a few questions to ask her, like if she was aware of other Moon Pools..._ Ceili was listening, and, although grumpy with Emma, she did mutter, "thank goodness we only have two brothers..."

Emma shoved the journal into her bag, and she and Ceili followed the older woman out of the plane, where they waited for their parents. To Emma, this was nothing new, but Ceili did not seem to like it much. Soon the rest of the family came up to them, Mrs. Gilbert already planning how to distribute the children for the flight home, to Australia.

"Em, could you come here a moment?"

"Sure Mum, what is it?"

In response, her mother handed her Cade and Caite, whom she was carrying. "I would also like for you to look at houses online with us. We still have our old house, but we need to buy a new house as well, to be able to accommodate the family, Em. We are not selling our current house, because you seemed to like your room there, and I would imagine that you would like to be independent during college.

Of course, whenever any of your siblings wish to visit, they will be allowed to. Unless you are going to resume those monthly sleepovers you, Rikki and Cleo always had."

"I might, Mum. Can we talk about this at the hotel? I bet these children are exhausted, and so am I." _Not to mention, it looks like it is going to rain, and I would much rather be dry, in the hotel, than out, waiting for the taxi, getting wet._ As those words formed in Emma's mind, she pushed them away, not wanting to jinx the weather further. At the very thought of jinxing the weather, Emma noticed the clouds getting darker, and suddenly, the rain was pouring down. Ceili noticed and stopped sulking, instead trying to concentrate enough to make it seem like there was a glass dome on the airport so they could stay dry without raising any suspicion. Failing at that, she settled for digging out her umbrella and putting on her heavy raincoat. Emma sighed and followed suit, Elliot joining in a moment later when he noticed their parents looking at the two girls strangely. He then helped Emma wrestle the two toddlers into their coats. The triplets soon were finding themselves being pushed into their coats, and Adrian, not wishing to be left out, put on hers. They then collected their baggage, and everyone waited outside, Emma and Ceili each holding a twin. Ceili managed to entertain Cade, while Emma stared out at the rain while holding Caite. Caelin was sitting on her foot, Ceili's two feet being occupied by Tatiana and Emilia. Adrian was glaring at the two girls, obviously wishing that the younger children liked her enough to want to hang out with her. Elliot was watching them, hoping that Ceili would be able to keep them dry. He needn't have worried- by the time the taxi pulled up, the rain, as abruptly as it had begun, had stopped, and both girls had remained dry, as had all the younger siblings.

They climbed into their special-order taxicab, which was similar to the car Emma knew her mother would be buying when they got back to Australia. It was a large van that could fit 16 people comfortably, although Emma hoped that their car would not resemble a short school bus quite so much, or at least have heat and air conditioning.

Emma ended up seated behind Mrs. Gilbert, who turned around and began talking with her. The triplets had all squished together into one seat, not wanting to have one of them sit alone, and Ceili sat next to Emma, still holding Cade, while Emma held Caite. Both toddlers were asleep. Mr. Gilbert sat near the front, with Elliot, and Adrian was right behind him, scowling at Ceili. The luggage occupied the rest of the seats. Their hotel was out in the country a ways, as they would be renting three cars to drive through France, arriving in Madrid, Spain. Emma, who had a driver's license, would drive with Ceili, Elliot, and the luggage, and Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert would each drive with three children, Mr. Gilbert with the three 4-year-olds, and Mrs. Gilbert with the twins and Adrian.

However, the parents knew that, first, the children needed new clothes, as the younger children all had clothes that, although clean and well cared for, were also old and thin. Therefore, Mrs. Gilbert chose to pick up the rental cars the next day, and leave a couple of days early, as Emma was fluent in Spanish, and not French, and therefore could help her mother to find clothing for the children in Spain more easily than France.

Therefore, after the large family checked into their three hotel rooms, split like the cars were, and most of the family went to

sleep. The room that Emma was in charge of, however, decided that they would take a small nap, and after clearing it with Mrs. Gilbert, began driving to Spain. Emma decided to take the route that would take them through Barcelona, a city that she really wanted to see. She drove about six hours, and stopped in Avignon for a rest, and for the rest of the family to catch up. After checking into their vacation rental, they took another nap, then went on a tour of the Palais des Papes. The weather was nice, and so the two girls looked for a way to be able to go for a swim. Deciding that an hour to the sea is way too far to go, Emma and Ceili both decided that the pool would be safe enough, as, when Emma called Mrs. Gilbert, they had yet to leave their hotel. Elliot would watch for people for them.

The plan was to stay there for about a week. Maybe a little longer, if there were no other tenants coming, as Emma felt that it was beautiful place. After about an hour of just sitting in the pool, Elliot came out in his swimsuit. Together, the three of them swam around the pool. When the sun was beating down on the pool, a woman showed up.

****Thanks for sticking with this- I know I haven't posted in a long time, and I'm sorry! I have been working on this story- this is about half of what I did in the time I was offline. I'll hopefully be posting the next chapter soon, but then I'll be all out of fresh chapters.****

****As always, please review! As I have my internet access back, although I will be busy, the more reviews I have, the more motivated I will be to write more of this story. I do have a small case of writer's block, so if anyone has any ideas, they would be quite helpful!****

Irishdanceringrulz out!**** :D****

9. Chapter 9

She had blond hair and Emma could not tell what color eyes. She looked to be about Ms. Chatham's age. Unsurprised to see the three people in the pool, and only mildly surprised to see that two of them were mermaids, she spoke.

"Who are you?" The woman had a slight Australian accent, although she used French.

"I am one of the tenants for this week. This is my brother and sister."

"That may slightly identify you, but I would prefer to know a name, rather than why you are here. For example, my name is Julia McMillen. I used to live in Australia. My two best friends growing up were Louise Chatham and Grace Watsford, and my name growing up was Julia Dove."

"Ok then...My name is Emma Gilbert. These people are my siblings Elliot and Ceili Gilbert. My best friends are Rikki Chadwick and Cleo Setori, who are also friends with a girl I have never met named Bella. I do not know her last name. Ceili is adopted, and we are staying here until the rest of our family arrives. From here, we will be going to Madrid, Spain, where we will be going to an airport to

fly home, to Australia, where Elliot and I are from. Ceili is from Northern Ireland, but we met her while both of our families were visiting Southern Ireland."

That seemed to satisfy her.

"Beware of those you think you can trust, Emma. It is often hardest to not trust your closest friends, but sometimes you must not. My husband tried to expose me, after I had given up my tail, using photographic evidence that he stole from me. That was the reason why we adopted our daughter, originally. I wanted to let her be free, but he wanted to expose her. I told her the truth the day he died, and have not heard from her since. You are best friends with her younger sister, whom she worried incessantly about."

Emma just stared at her. "Who would want to expose me? Ash has disappeared off the face of the Earth, seemingly, and none of my close friends would want to expose me, because then they'd be exposing themselves."

At her words, Mrs. McMillen just laughed. "I do not mean now, my dear, but rather when you are older, and married. Keep this part of you private, and even if you do one day give up your tail, know this- the full moon may still affect you, if you have had enough full moons to be used to them. This place was all the work of a full moon. Have you explored inside the rental?"

"No, we haven't." Ceili had finally found her voice. "We just came out here and swam after taking a tour of some palace. We should probably go in, though, Em. Our parents could be here soon." Emma nodded, and swam over to the steps, where Elliot helped her, then Ceili out of the pool. Ceili pulled the water off of herself, then turned to do the same with Emma, only to find she was already dry.

"How? I thought that when you gave up your tails, you gave up the powers with them." Ceili asked.

"No. After a year, a mermaid will keep her powers if she ever does decide to give up her tail. If a mermaid waits more than fifty years to give up her tail, she will keep the tail. We found that out the difficult way- dear Gracie somehow kept her tail, then told us about a year later that she was about fifty years older than us. We didn't know each other before we became mermaids, and in those days, the magic of the moon was so strong that we all transformed within ten seconds of climbing into the pool. Out of all of us, she was the one who was most annoyed by her tail, and after she told us, we could see why. Although she looked young, she died a few years back, as did one of her daughters."

"How did your necklace end up in the jewelry shop back home? The owner said it was from the estate sale of a deceased person, but you are very much alive."

"I sold everything I could at that sale, as I did not want to remember anything. I used the money to buy this house, one night when I was moonstruck. Over the next month, I painted the house, but being moonstruck caused one of the bathrooms to look like the Moon Pool of Mako."

"Do you ever want it all back? The tail, the swimming, all of it?"

"The tail, no. The swimming, why would I want it back, after all, I still have it? The secrets, I do not miss. I have the best of it all, and the only complication is the full moon. Can you answer your own question now?"

"So you are not at all upset by any of it? I wish we had known last year with Charlotte... Then we would not have fought so hard against her, and merely made her join us in the water. It would have been much easier..."

"Charlotte? Isn't that Gracie's granddaughter?"

"Yes, she is. She is also a huge, well... witch. She somehow had all of the mermaid powers, and tried to make us do stuff for her. She made Cleo really depressed for a while, because she stole her boyfriend, and used him for her own evil means."

"And so you made her lose her powers."

"Yes. She was a mermaid for only about a month, but we made her lose her powers with the last removal full moon. I left shortly thereafter to travel the world. Cleo and Rikki then met another mermaid."

"What are your feelings on her existence?"

"Well... I'm excited that she exists, but I hope that I have a place in our group when we come back. I think they both miss me, but I am not sure. I know that I miss them. She changed in Ireland, and Cleo sent me pictures of what her power is like. I've never seen anything like it. Her power is most similar to mine, because she can make water stay somewhere, but then it is like Cleo's, in that it can stay there no matter what the temperature is like. Mine melts..."

"Ahh, so you are like Louise. From the sound of it, I am like Rikki, and Gracie was like Cleo, yet I do not think that this girl- Bella, correct?- has had any guidance on her power, and has figured it all out for herself?"

"I think that is about right... So I can't blame her for wanting to have friends, or Rikki and Cleo for letting her be friends with them..."

Just then the door opened, and in walked Emma's mother. She took in the scene, and then said, "Ahh, you must be Mrs. McMillen, the landlady. Here, I have the payment for this week all ready to go." With that, she handed her an envelope, which had the correct payment in it. "Emma, could you help unload the cars?"

"Sure, Mum. Ceili, could you go unpack our stuff in our room?" Ceili nodded, and quickly moved their suitcases to the bedroom with the mermaids on the walls. The rest of the family came in, and they quickly sorted everyone into their rooms. Elliot shared with Cade and Caite, who could not bear to be away from Cade. Adrian shared with Tatiana, and Emilia and Caelin shared the room that adjoined with Ceili and Emma's room. Emma and Ceili had decided that they could tell the four-year-olds their secret, as long as they promised to not tell their parents.

Tatiana was nowhere to be found, and Caelin and Emilia agreed that it was best she did not know, as she would tell everyone she saw. They promised not to, and sat down on their bed.

Ceili started telling them by saying, "You know how, a few months back, I disappeared overnight, and you couldn't find me anywhere?" Both girls nodded solemnly. "Well, that's because I was at the beach. I just felt... compelled, I guess, to be there, and I was in this cave. There was a blue pool in the cave. Just as the full moon rose, I climbed into the pool. It began bubbling like a Jacuzzi. These little golden bubbles came out of the water, floating to the hole through which the full moon shone. I fell asleep, because I suddenly felt exhausted. Exhausted, but also more complete. The next morning, when I woke up, I found myself in the water, and I found that I had a tail. I found that I was a mermaid. I really began hoping that it would go away, on its own, but the water didn't seem to be helping at all, so I pulled myself out of the pool, and waited for it to air-dry. I got impatient, and so began doing weird hand motions with my hand, and suddenly, all the water on me popped into a giant bubble, which I lowered back into the water. I then looked down, and found myself in my clothes from the night before. I went back to the hotel, and slipped into the big group that was our family. Mum and Dad never even noticed I was gone."

"Really? Are you still a mermaid?" asked Caelin.

"Of course I am. Do you want to see?" replied Ceili.

"Yes! Yes! Yes! Yes! Yes!" both girls chanted.

"Ok, then. Emma, could you get me some water?"

"Sure" Emma got up and got a glass of water out of the bathroom, freezing the top few millimeters so it wouldn't splash onto her. They had agreed that they would only show the girls Emma's secret if they asked about other mermaids, which was highly probable.

Emma handed the cup to Ceili, who was the only one who noticed the ice, which she subtly broke when she made a tentacle of water come out of the glass and touch her skin, leaving a residue of water. She then counted down from ten. When she reached one, she changed. Both girls looked at her tail, and their eyes widened.

"Can we go back to Ireland? I wanna be a mermaid!" exclaimed Emilia.

"Are there other mermaids, Ceili? Why does Emma know before us?" added Caelin.

"Ok, so, no. We may not go back to Ireland. Emma knows before you because she is a mermaid. She changed in Australia with two of her friends. We are going to relocate to Australia, and so, after you show Emma's mom that you don't like swimming, you can come with us to Mako, and change there, after you turn eight. I want you two to understand the decision you would be making, and the implications of such a decision."

Emma went to go pick up the cup, which was still half-full of water, and began to walk back to the bathroom when she tripped over a rug,

spilling the water. She managed to freeze about half of it, but not all of it, and some of it dripped onto her body. After ten seconds, she transformed into a mermaid as well. The two four-year-olds were both excited, but they promised not to say anything to anyone about it.

After a quick meal, the Gilberts all went to bed. Emma stayed up to read more from the journal.

_I am so excited for my wedding! I cannot believe my good fortune! I will be marrying at the perfect age, if what the Irish say about the Virgin Mary is true. I have convinced Conan to hold off on children, though... Like I said earlier, dear diary, we shall just be friends, then grow into lovers when we are older. No need to worry about being an old maid, if I am __**already married**__. I do hope, however, that when we have children, I have at least one daughter. I would love to share this secret with her, maybe even raise her semi-aquatically. I can see her now- my dark hair, Conan's expressive green eyes, mayhap his freckles, or his smile... my tail... Oh, how wonderful it would be! Well, now I've got to go, it is the day of my wedding, after all. 24 hours have gone by without me seeing Conan. We have asked for some tweaks to be made to our ceremony- for example, I asked that we not be sprinkled with Holy Water (that would be a disaster!), and we wrote our own vows, the first couple in living memory to do so._

Here I copy my side of the vows:

_"__I, Rebekah Evalynn Downson, promise to love my beloved, Conan Richard Chadwick, for as long as I shall live, and never to be more than a footfall away from him, ready to help him whenever he asks. I do solemnly swear that, together, we shall continue the work of our families, and follow God's Holy Law until the day we die, enduring together forever, for, indeed, although together we are better, separately we can be the change with our unending reign of love for one another."_

I hope that he likes them. I know I do. When he reads me his for the first time, just as mine will be for him, it'll be the first time either of us have heard them from the other, although Ms. Chadwick did help us write them, separately.

I have been home now, since my large change. No one even noticed my absence, other than my stepmother, who never wanted me there in the first place. I was allowed to remain alone for the last week or so, and I went to the gypsy caravan fair with Conan, where I met another mermaid- or, at least, I do believe she is a mermaid, for, when it began raining, she ran for cover under our awning, and counted down to 0 from ten, while making random motions with her hands. She left behind a large amount of ice, which I discretely melted. I invited her to my wedding, as weddings are large celebrations in our village. She agreed that she would come and see it, if I would meet her in a cave afterwards. 'Twas odd. She seemed old enough to be my mother, in her words and actions, yet she looked so very young. No matter now. I shall go be married in just one moment.

Emma read the diary silently, wondering to herself the whole time how a girl so young could be so excited for marriage. True, she planned to someday marry, but that was someday, not _now_, and she was _older_ than Rebekah.

****Thank you for reading this far. I know it's been a while; I started college in September, and everything has been going almost non-stop since then. I know I haven't updated in a while, but I am trying to get ahead on the chapters somewhat before posting, so that I can easily post things when I'm busy.****

****If you review, and would like for me to take your review seriously, I would really appreciate proper grammar and spelling mechanics. I appreciate all reviews, but, if someone uses poor grammar/spelling while complaining about my story, I won't respond to them.****

****And, "shellie" (as you did not know that I would not respond, this is your only response until you use proper grammar and mechanics)- I started writing this my Junior year of high school. I admit that it is "kiddish", but that is because I was a high school student. Things work out too easily in this story for you? Go find something else to read, please. I am trying, so if you have any actual feedback (anyone who is reading this), please do not hesitate to tell me!****

End
file.